

What are the Stars?

Are they white limbs, those stars on high,
That, when the day star sinks in night,
Still feed in pastures of the sky,
And to the shepherds lend their light?

Or silver lilies are they there,
With sweetest petals open spread,
That, when we mortals rest from care,
Their fragrance o'er the weary shed?

Or consecrated candles tall,
That on God's altar shine so bright,
The darkness of our earthly ball
To dissipate with softest light?

Ah! no! they are letters fair,
With which good angels, clothed in white,
Sweet hymns of love prepare,
And in heaven's book of record write.
—From the German.

The Dew Drop and the Heart.

The night was dead, but, dying, gave
Birth to a drop of pearly dew;
The morning woke, and, waking, found
The drop in all its beauty new;
Calmly and modestly it lay,
Cradled in moss, a liquid gem,
Untouched by art, worthy a place
In Nature's fairest diadem.

Calmly it lay, content to be
A drop of dew, and nothing more,
Till Phebus rose, and then, forsooth,
Its happiness for aye was o'er.
The dewdrop gazed, and, gazing, longed
For brilliancy and sparkling sheen;
"Would that a diamond I could be,
Mid emeralds of leafy green!"

Then turned it to the sun, and cried,
"Give me, O, give me of thy light!
Grant that with lustre glittering
My simple form may bedight."
"Forbear, O dewdrop," Phebus said:
"Thou askest what is death to thee;
Seek not for more than Nature gave,
But with thy lot contented be."

"Nay, give me light, pure heavenly light;
I long for it, for it I pine."
"Well, since thou wilt, poor foolish thing,
I give it thee—the light is thine."
The dewdrop sparkled in its pride,
Nor stayed to think upon the cost,
In truth a diamond it seemed,
A while it glinted—and was lost!

And as the dewdrop, so my heart,
Untrammelled, joyous, calm and free,
Until the god of love arose,
And in his beauty smiled on me.
Then prayed I for the gift of love,
Not heard his words in warning given,
But prayed again, till love was mine;
I loved—and love my heart has riven!

Taming a Male Shrew.

HERBERT WORTHINGTON IS TAUGHT A LESSON.

"Just what I have been expecting for about seven years," said Miss Pauline Worthington, looking from an open letter in her hand with a frowning brow.

"Is not your letter from Herbert, Lina?" questioned Mrs. Worthington, a tiny, silver-haired old lady, with a gentle expression.

"Yes, mother, Essie is very ill with low, nervous fever, and they want me to come and stay till she is better. The carriage will be sent at three o'clock, mother." Then, more emphatically, "I think it is about time Bert's tyranny over that little martyr was ended. He is killing her."

"Lina! He is your brother."
"I can see his faults if he is."
"I never heard Essie complain."

"She never would. But look at her. Nine years ago, when she married, she was a living sunbeam, so bright and pretty. Now, pale, quiet and reserved, her voice is seldom heard, her smile seldom seen. A wintry shadow of her former Summer brightness. Now she has broken down. You have never seen her at home, but surely when she is here you see the change?"
"Yes, dear, she has changed; but family cares—"

"Has Louie changed so? She has been twelve years married."

Mrs. Worthington was silent. Louie was her oldest child, and presided over the home in which her mother had been a crippled prisoner for fifteen years. She took all the household cares, and had five children, and yet Louie had gained in beauty, and certainly in cheerful happiness, since her marriage, even if the merriment of girlhood was gone.

"Henry appreciates Louie!" said Lina; "there lies the difference between her happiness and Essie's dejection. If there is any domestic trouble, Henry and Louie share it, while Herbert shifts it all upon Essie. He is an habitual fault-finder."

"Perhaps, dear, Essie is not so good a housekeeper as Louie. Herbert may have cause to find fault."

"Once in ten times he may. I never saw a faultless house or housekeeper; but Essie and her house are the nearest approach to perfection I ever did see."

"You never spoke so before, Lina."
"Because Louie and I thought it better not to worry you with a trouble beyond your help. I intend to give him a lesson. I do, indeed. That is, if you can spare me to go?"

"You must go, dear. I shall get along nicely."

So when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage, Lina was quite ready for the fourteen-mile drive to her brother's house. It was most unlike a house wherein any evil spirit of repining or fault-finding should have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely furnished, with well-trained servants, and all comforts wealth could furnish, it seemed a perfect paradise on earth to visitors. But a very demon lurked there to poison all, and this demon Lina had come to exorcise.

For the first fortnight Essie took all her time and care, the gentle spirit hovering very near the portals of the eternal home. There was a baby, too, six months old, and its wants filled all the spare moments. Herbert snarled and fretted over domestic shortcomings, but

Lina peremptorily forbade all mention of these in the sick-room, having the doctor's authority for saying the patient's very life depended upon quiet.

But when convalescence began, Lina sent Essie and the baby to visit old Mrs. Worthington, and took control of Herbert, the two older children and the household, determined to show her brother how far he carried his habit of absurd fault-finding. With all her severity, she did believe he was himself unaware of the frequency of his querulous complaints, and the exaggeration of his fretful statements.

The first dinner saw the beginning of the lesson Lina meant to teach. Herbert entered the dining-room, his handsome face disfigured by its habitual frown. Harry and Louie were seated.

"Soup," said Herbert, lifting the tureen cover; "perfect dish-water!"

"Susan," said Lina, sharply, to the servant, before Herbert could lift the ladle; "take that tureen to the kitchen, and tell Jane the soup is not fit to eat."

Susan promptly obeyed. Herbert looked rather ruefully at the vanishing dish. He was especially fond of soup, and the savory fumes of the really delicious dish were tantalizing. All dinner-time Lina kept up a ding-dong at Susan about that abominable soup, till Herbert heartily wished he had said nothing about it. But his imagination detecting a burnt flavor in the pudding, he could not refrain from mentioning it, and before he could remonstrate, that dish had followed the soup.

"I'll get this house in some sort of order before I leave it," said Lina, emphatically.

"Before you leave it," said Herbert, sharply. "Do you suppose you are a better housekeeper than Essie? Why, I have not a friend who does not envy me the exquisite order of my house and my dainty table."

"Herbert, you surprise me. Only yesterday I heard you say you did wish there was ever anything fit to eat on the table."

"One doesn't expect every word to be taken literally," said Herbert, rather sulkily. But not an hour later, finding a streak of dust in the sitting-room, he declared emphatically it was not fit for a pig to live in. What was the consequence? Coming into it the next morning, he found the curtains torn down, the carpets taken up, the floor littered with pails, soap and brushes, and Lina in a dismal dress, her hair tied up in a towel, directing two women, who were scrubbing vigorously.

"Good gracious, Lina!" he cried, "what are you doing?"
"Cleaning this room."

"Why, Essie had the whole house cleaned only the other day," he added, contemptuously.

"Well," said Lina, slowly, "I thought this room a marvel of neatness myself, but when you said it was not fit for the pigs, I supposed you wanted it cleaned."

"The room was well enough," was the curt reply. "For mercy's sake, don't turn any more of the house upside down."

At breakfast a tiny tear in Louie's apron caught her father's eye, and, by his own angry statement, "she never had a decent stitch of clothes, and he did wish somebody would see to her."

Two days after, a formidable linen draper's bill was sent to him, and Lina explained it in this wise:

"You said, Herbert, that Louie hadn't a decent stitch, and you wished somebody would see to her, so I bought her a complete outfit. I could not see any fault myself, but of course I got more expensive articles, as you did not like those already provided. I am glad you called my attention to the poor, neglected child."

"Poor, neglected child!" echoed astonished Herbert. "Why, Lina, Essie fairly slaves her life out over those children. I am sure I never see any better dressed or neater."

Lina merely shrugged her shoulders. A month passed. Essie gained strength in the genial atmosphere surrounding Louie and her mother, while Lina ruled Herbert's house with a rod of iron. Herbert began to experience a sick longing for Essie's gentle presence. Lina took him so very literally in all he said, and yet he could not rebuke her for doing exactly what he openly wished.

An arm-chair, with a tiny spot of dirt, being declared absolutely filthy, was upholstered and varnished at a cost of ten dollars. A dozen new shirts, Essie's last labor of love, being said to "set like meal-bags," were bestowed upon the gardener, and a new set obtained. Every window was opened after a pettish declaration that the "room was as hot as an oven," and an hour later the grate was fired up to smothering heat because he declared it "cold enough to freeze a polar bear."

In short, with apparently an energetic attempt to correct all shortcomings, and put the housekeeping upon a perfect basis, Lina in one month nearly doubled her brother's expenses, and drove him to the verge of distraction.

But Essie, well and strong again, was coming home. On the day of her expected arrival, Lina, with a solemn face, invited her brother into the sitting-room for a few moments of private conversation.

"Herbert," she said, very gravely, "I have a proposition to make to you. You are my only brother, and I need not tell you I love you very dearly. It has really grieved me to the heart to see how much there is to find fault with in your beautiful home." Herbert twisted himself uneasily in his chair, but Lina continued:

"You know that mother is very dependent upon me, Louie having the house and children to care for, but I think she would sacrifice her own com-

fort for yours. So if you wish, Herbert, I will come here permanently, to keep things in order for you."

Here Lina was obliged to pause and strangle a laugh at Herbert's expression of utter horror and dismay.

"You are very kind," he faltered, the instincts of a gentleman battling with the strong desire to tell Lina she would certainly drive him into a lunatic asylum by six months more of her model housekeeping.

"Not at all. A man who has made an unfortunate marriage, certainly needs all the aid and sympathy his family can give him."

The last straw was laid upon the camel's back. Herbert spoke hotly: "You are entirely mistaken, Lina. I have not made an unfortunate marriage. If ever a man was blessed in a wife, I am that man."

"You amaze me, Herbert!" Lina cried, in well-feigned astonishment.

"I do not see why you should be surprised. Essie is gentle, loving, orderly, a model mother, and a perfect home angel—God bless her!"

"Herbert, is that true?"

"Certainly it is true."

"I cannot believe it!" was the slow response.

"Cannot believe it! Why?"

"Because"—and Lina dwelt impressively upon every word—"during the nine years of your married life, though visiting here frequently, I have never heard you speak one word of encouragement or praise to Essie. I never saw one look of approbation or appreciation of any effort she made for your comfort, upon your face. Continual fault-finding, constant blame, have changed her from a happy girl to a pale, careworn woman. Even her last illness was but the unspoken despair of a heart crushed under a load of daily censure, and constant striving for the approbation never given. And you tell me now she has never failed in her duty to you. There is a grave error somewhere, Herbert."

The sadly earnest tone, the face of thoughtful gravity, sent every word home to the young man's heart. He spoke no word of self-defense as Lina slowly left the room. In the profound silence that followed, conscience reviewed the past, and he knew that his sister had spoken only the truth.

"God help me," he whispered, "to conquer this fault. Essie shall hear no more fault-finding, and if I see her drooping, I will send her to mother, and have Lina here to keep house."

Never had wife and mother warmer welcome than greeted Essie. The children were unchecked in their loudest demonstrations of delight. But Lina had to rush into the hall to hide her merry eyes when Herbert, kissing Essie, said:

"We must let mother have Lina now, dear. She has been very kind, and worked hard for my comfort; but there is no home fairy like my Essie."

The quick, glad look in his wife's soft eyes told Herbert one step had been taken in the right direction. As the days glided by, and Essie found appreciation meeting every effort to add to home comfort, a word of praise for every little triumph of cookery or needlework, her pale face grew bright with happiness, and Herbert found his own heart lightened by the cheerful voice, the sunny smile, the bright eyes of the Essie he had wooed years before.

And Lina, making a visit six months later, told her mother on her return:

"Herbert learned his lesson by heart, mother. He appreciates Essie now at her value, and lets her know it."

Sending Money by Mail.

"A new way to pay old debts" is to claim that the money was sent in a letter and John Reeves stole it. The crop of idiots is very large this year, if all the men who sent large sums of money in unregistered letters really did send them. It is incredible that men will continue to risk money in letters which cannot be "tracked" any more than you can track a fish in the water, while the Government offers a perfectly safe means of transmittal by money order to all important offices, and a comparatively safe means by register to all offices. Twenty-five cents is the largest fee for a money order. You may send \$30 for 15 cents, and it is practically impossible for the money to miscarry. You may register a letter to any office in the United States or Canada, and to nearly all foreign countries, for a fee of 10 cents in addition to the regular postage. Registered letters are not sent in the regular mails, but pass from hand to hand of postal clerks or route agents. The person taking your registered letter gives you a receipt for it, and the law requires every person into whose hands it passes to produce either the letter itself or a receipt for it. It is not absolutely safe, like a money order, but safe beyond any other contingency than accident or crime. In the case of the money order, safety goes beyond this. If a money order is even stolen the thief cannot collect the money, because he cannot identify himself as the drawee, and must tell who drew the order—in information which is sent confidentially to the postmaster in a separate letter from that inclosing the order.

The bark True Love just arrived at Edinburgh from Norway, with a cargo of ice, is one of the oldest vessels afloat. She was built in Philadelphia in 1764, and has been in active service since. At one time she was a successful whaler. Another evidence that true love buffets every storm and mocks time's ravages. And we have personal knowledge that our paternal ancestor's true love, like the aged ship, was a successful whaler. We have a seated impression of the fact.—Turner's Falls Reporter.

A Brilliant Invention.

A New Yorker, who recently passed a night in one of the New Jersey hotels, is the reputed author of an invention of extreme ingenuity, and great possible usefulness. The essential features of this remarkable invention consists of a series of network trap-doors; a system of minute glass tubes, connected with a powerful automatic pump; an exhausted receiver, with long rubber suckers, and a clock-work arrangement to operate the whole. A neat iron frame-work, adapted to any bedstead, connects the various parts, and completes the machine. Upon retiring to bed, the fortunate proprietor of the apparatus adjusts the frame, spreads the netting over the bed, applies the rubber sucker to the joints and cracks of the bedstead, sets the trap-doors, winds the clock-work, and turns in for a night of peaceful repose. Hardly has he closed his eyes, when the fun begins. The mosquitoes, after reconnoitering in vain for some easier mode of getting at the sleeper, sail into the open traps at the precise moment that the bed-bugs are being drawn irresistibly into the rubber pipes, by means of the exhausted receiver. As the victims reach the center of the machine, they are rapidly but gently seized, placed in position, the glass tubes are inserted in their sides, and the automatic pump begins to operate swiftly, transfusing the blood of the mosquitoes into the veins of the bed-bugs, while, by an instantaneous compensating arrangement, that of the bugs is hurled into the arteries of the mosquitoes. They are then permitted to retire by a back door, and the operation is complete. The mosquitoes, having acquired the nature and ideas of the bed-bugs, immediately begin to ram their heads off in the futile attempt to get into some imperceptible crack; while there is no more entertaining moral spectacle in the world than that of a bed-bug sitting dependently on the floor, and wondering how on earth he is going to probe a victim without a proboscis; to sing, "I want to be an angel," without any singing apparatus; or, without wings, to dodge the pillow fired in vengeful wrath. The ablest advocates of other methods are said to have given their allegiance to the new system, and the important problem is regarded as virtually solved.—World.

A TERRIBLE SITUATION.—A farmer, Horace Miner, was chopping in the woods near Waymart, ten miles from Honesdale. At noon his wife carried his dinner to him. He was engaged in felling a tree when she arrived at the spot, and she stood near waiting for him to get through. She had in her arms a child a few months old. The tree in falling lurched toward Mrs. Miner, and before she could get out of the way it came crashing upon her, one of the largest branches striking her, and pinning both her arms and her child to the earth. Miner ran to the spot. He could not see his child, but his wife was lying with her face turned up and gasping in death. Miner at once set to work to extricate his wife and child from that terrible position. The branch of the tree lay across Mrs. Miner, and it was evident the child lay beneath the mother. The husband, to extricate the wife and child, was compelled to cut away the branch, which was seven inches through, and before he had finished his task he saw his wife die before his eyes. He removed her body from beneath the tree and found his child crushed to death, having been crushed deep into the ground. The husband, almost frantic, took both bodies in his arms and carried them a mile through the woods to his home.—Port Jervis Gazette.

HINTS AS TO BEAUTY.—There is nothing more unfavorable to female beauty than late hours. Women who, either from necessity or choice, spend most of the day in bed, and the night at work or dissipation, have always a pale, faded complexion, and dark-rimmed, weary eyes. Too much sleep is almost as hurtful as too little, and is sure to give the person unwholesome fat. Diet, also, has a marked influence upon personal beauty. A gross and excessive indulgence in eating and drinking is fatal to the female charms, especially where there is great tendency to "making flesh." Regularity of time in the daily repast and good cooking are the best means of securing, not only good health, but good looks. The appetite should never be wasted during the intervals between meals on pastry, confectionery, or any other tickler of the appetite, which gratifies the taste, but does not support the system. Exercise is, of course, essential to female beauty. It animates the whole physical life, quickens the circulation of the blood, heightens the color, develops the growths, and perfects the form of each limb and the entire body. It also gives beauty and grace to every movement.

FIVE per cent., and perhaps ten, can be added to the amount of milk obtained from the cows of this country, if the following rules are inexorably followed: 1. Never hurry cows in driving them to and from pasture. 2. Milk at as nearly even intervals as possible. Half past five in the morning and six at night are very good hours. 3. Be especially tender to the cows at milking times. 4. When seated draw the milk as rapidly as possible, being certain always to get all. 5. Never talk or think of anything besides what you are doing when milking. 6. Offer some caress and always a soothing word when you approach a cow and when you leave her. The better she loves you the more free and complete will be her abandon as your sit by her side.

THE more you contract debts the more they expand.

Terrible Story of Suffering on the Sea.

There comes from the sea a tale of suffering and death. The steamer Frisia, of the Hamburg American line, just arrived here. Among those on board were the captain, two passengers, and one of the crew of the Spanish brig Joquina, abandoned at sea after the cook and five of the crew had died, and the captain and two others were reduced to the verge of starvation. On August 18th the Frisia sighted the small Spanish brig Joquina, which was drifting helplessly at the mercy of the waves, and from which signals of distress were flying. On board the brig four men were found—the captain, a sailor named Cortez, and two passengers named Santeer and Gardinot. From them the following particulars were obtained: The Joquina, which belongs to Barcelona, Spain, left San Domingo City for Havre on June 26th. She had on board a crew of seven, and two passengers above named. They had long been residents of San Domingo City. The vessel had not been many days out when five of the crew and the mate were taken sick, and died in a few hours. It was at first supposed that they had been poisoned, but this is scarcely probable, as the cook died subsequently, and in the same sudden and mysterious manner as the others. The mate's death occurred in an hour after he was taken sick. After these deaths had occurred, the captain was utterly unable to manage the vessel with one seaman and two passengers. It drifted helplessly for forty-five days, until the Frisia came in sight. The provisions had become exhausted, nothing being left but some beans; and on these and some water the captain, sailor and two passengers subsisted. They say their sufferings were so terrible that death would have been welcomed in preference to many more days of such existence. The brig was in good condition when the Frisia came up with her, her sails and other paraphernalia being in excellent order, as they were left when the crew sickened and died. After rescuing those on board the brig, First Officer Francom, of the Frisia, went off in a boat and tried to put a prize crew on board the Joquina, but owing to the heavy sea he could not do so, and the Spanish vessel was left to her fate.—New York Special to Chicago Times.

Soap and Disease.

The complaints that have been made for some time past relative to the impurities of soap, have, at last, taken definite shape, and it is averred by a Philadelphia paper, on the authority of an "eminent physician," whose name is not given, however, that these impurities are the principal cause of the growing prevalence of diphtheria. If the soap made to-day does not tend to produce diphtheria, it is strange if it is not the cause of some kinds of disorders. It is manufactured from all kinds of vile stuff, the only aim being to perfume it well. It is hawked about the streets in most attractive shapes, and sold for a song. It has long been claimed that the most pungent of the so-called French soaps are the most dangerous, and, looking at the price at which the greater part is sold, there seems to be no question of it. Soaps that once sold for 25 cents and over, can now be had for one-third and less than sum. Clearly such goods cannot be trusted. Everybody should be careful of the article of this description he uses. Soap made from the refuse of a deceased animal, or from refuse that has been permitted to decay, cannot be safe, and the probability is that a vast proportion of that used to-day is thus made up. Our people have become so fastidious that none but the humblest will use anything but scented soap. The good, old, pure article that was once used by rich and poor alike, is now too harsh and offensive for the delicate senses of this age. People would rather use the delicate perfumed stuff that is full of danger, which, rubbed over an abraded skin, may produce a foul sore, than return to the habits of other days.—Commercial Advertiser.

CAPTAIN KIDD.—The famous pirate, Capt. Kidd, frequented Narragansett in the old days, when distillers, slave-traders and pirates were numerous. His landing was at the bar on which the south pier is built. His places of resort are still shown, and numerous holes in the ground, made by credulous seekers after his hidden treasures, can be seen in Peacedale and other places. A few years ago a sword hilt was dug up in a field near the pier, on which was engraved the name of Artemus Gould, who was one of Kidd's lieutenants. Twenty-eight of this crew were hanged on one gallows in Newport.

A SOLID DINNER.—Some of the hotels have bills of fare with a fly-leaf covered with cards of various business houses. An Oregon man recently took a seat behind one of them, when a waiter appeared with "What will you have sir?" To the utter confusion of the waiter he leisurely remarked: "You may fetch me a new set of teeth in gutta percha; an improved sewing machine, with patent lock-stitch; a box of Brandreth's pills, and a pair of number seven French calf-skin boots." In a moment the waiter replied: "We do not furnish those articles." "Then what have you got it on the bill of fare for?" retorted the customer.

THE difficulty with these counterfeit five hundred dollar greenbacks is, that when we are offered one, just as likely as not we have no genuine note of the same denomination in our pocket with which to compare it.—Norristown Herald.